

the night previous to the interview, her sister, who were
the next chamber, was disturbed by a slight noise,
and looking in, saw the corpse sitting up, and saying
as it seemed, to remain in the same position, and
in bed. The terrified woman came out, and attempting
to get into the room, and find away, half naked as she
was, to the house of a friend, where she sought refuge,
she remained all night, although they only looked in,
and, fancied the most have been dreaming.
The following morning, however, the appearance of the
corpse fully corroborated her statement; giving fearful
evidence of the struggle that had been going on between
life and death. The poor woman was never seen again.
On this very day, had her sister only possessed powers
of mind enough to suspect the cause of her death, she
might have saved herself, and her sister, from the
dark hour of adversity. And yet we were ready to
make every allowance in a case where none of us can
be quite certain that we should have had the courage to
act differently.

Selected Sketches.

THE BEGINNING AND END OF A RUNAWAY MATCH.

Sam Nick, with a great deal of dirt trotting hair,
in his last years, many good things, and some very
suffering descriptions. We make the following
extracts from the chapter entitled "Roaming
Schools."

"Masters told their children here 'cause they were
too busy to tend 'em, and the children to teach 'em
themselves, or 'cause they wasn't 'out o' the way
that they may get into company, and not be kept to
home by kickin', squallin', grumblin' 'bout, and
what do they learn here? Why, make the difference
between 'em and 'em. They ain't no more than
that. They don't love their parents, 'cause they
haint got that care, and that indin', and protection,
and that habit that breaks here. Love wasn't
gave in cold ground, I tell you. They ain't no
dashed from the front, and protected from the
storm, and watched with love, and warmed with
the heat of the heart, and the soil be kept free from
weeds, and it must be that way, and it is pander
and be tended with care day and night, or it's pander
grows yellor, fades away, and dies. It's a tender
plant in love, or else I don't know human nature,
that's all. Well, the parents don't love 'em, and
Masters can't, so we was as well as babies."

"Oh it's an unnatural thing to tear a poor little
guy away from home, and from all she knows and
loves, and fling her into a place of strangers, and
run off and leave her. Oh! what a little of little
corps it must stretch, but they are never so good
afterwards, or else say 'em right off. How it must
harden the heart, and tread down all the young
spirit's feelin's so that they can never grow up and
open."

"Why, a girl ought to be nothin' but a lump of
affection, as a Mother Cuckoo. She ain't no
but a lump of fat, not that she has to love so much
but to endure so much, not that she has to bail and
cry all day, for they play up, got tired of that,
but that she has to give up time, and give up an arbi-
tration, and alter her likes and alter her dislikes, and
do everything, for affection. She out to love, so that
day is pleasure, for where is she here there's no
day does right."

"But then love never runs smooth. How in the
world are they ever to meet, now that there is a
great high break wall between them, and she is at
up most o' the time! Ah most o' the time! Do
you know, dear? There is but one safe way, least
of women, only one,—run away. Run away! That
is a awful word, it frightens her most to death;
she gets right off to be and like like any other
and that clears her head and she thinks it all over,
for it wasn't do to be such a step without con-
siderin' will it! I can see, says she, suppose I
do, what do I leave? I leave a mother, an arbi-
tration, herri pitiful, and herri ever when men
wants her beauty more than a talent, or a
talent's assistant, and a whole regiment of dancin'
masters, music masters, and French-masters, and
coaches, lessons, lessons, all for the need and nothin' for
the heart; hard work and a prison house, with nothin'
to be set better prisoners paper, through the bars
like me. And what do I leave? I leave a mother,
passionate, red hot liver, that is to love me all my
life, and more and more every day of my life, and
will show me himself if I don't, for he can't live
without me, and who has glorious place of my thing,
and is sure of success in the world, and all
that. It taint right 'out from father and mother,
mother, for they ain't here; no, besides, I am sure
and certain they will be comin' to me, and when
they hear what a splendid match I have made,
and what a dear beautiful man I have married.
It is done."

"Ah! there was old man, then, that the little
thing could have reached back needed in her, but
she could not travel her arms round her neck, and
put her face back to her heart, to love her blueses?
Why, 'bout me, I am in love, and the man I
could prove her to be hard, and kind, and cry
with her, and kind of give at first, as so, not to
much her two short at once, for fear of meanin'
or kickin'; so, when she, but gettin' little by little
degree, got her all right again. (When she was the
mother's eye, when father's heart was a scale's)
the back-wall, that it might see the hawk that was
a thimble's of her chin, and the mother's heart
old father with his gun to scare him off, so wrong him
he could do no harm? It was her was a
dancin' at Almacin's, and why was a hanta; then
it never was right, the speaker has been in the
the pressure and mazed the hurt, and I don't pity any
one more."

"Well, time runs away as well as lovers. In
six days father proposes and the bride takes him, and
get their eyes open in a general way. It taint no easy
for brides, they are longer about it, but they do see
at last, and when they do, it's about the clearest:
'So, one fine day, poor little miss begins to open her
peepers, and the first thing she discerns is a kind
pink face—promises broken as false as words, and a man
of her own making; that's her own condemnation, and
Oh! how she sobs, and cries, and gusses she was
wrong, and repeats, and then she writes home, and
begs pardon, and, childlike, says she will never do
it again. Four or five days she sits in her room, and
thinks that she can't do again—more done, done for
ever; yin, she begs pardon, but father won't be
give, for he has been lured at; mother wasn't to
forgive, cause she is to regret her choice, and she
can't do, and both wasn't forgive, for it's actin'
a bad example. All doors behind the poor little
thing is closed, and then in but one open before
her, and that looks into the clearest light of day, and
she has little things to stand in, in buying ground,
when you haint nothin' to do but read verses on
tombs-stones, but it taint every one that likes to go
into there to sleep with the broken hearts that under
ground, I can tell you. It looks like paper like
a home that's prepared for her though, for there is a
little spot on the cheek, and a little pain in the side,
and a little backin' round, and an eye no more
weary, and sometimes, sometimes, her eyes are
rite in all game. Well, I've used these eyes so often,
I know as well what follows, as if it was to run
into those white fronts, miserably—this is the
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